



MIRACLES DO HAPPEN
by Shelley Yates © 2005

In November 2002 in Halifax, Canada, my son and I drowned in a flooded marsh. I was "dead" for 15 minutes. I was told by beings of light how to save myself and my small son. And I was given a message on how to heal the Earth.

My son and I were travelling to a friend's house for an afternoon of play when disaster hit. My car was swept into a flooded marsh after hydroplaning. The car landed upside down in this boggy marsh and sank to the bottom. I tried to open the car's windows, but the power windows failed and we were trapped inside. I spoke with my tiny son, who was four at the time, and assured him that mommy would get him out.

The car was filling up quickly with the cold murky water and I held my son's coat tightly in my hand while I waited to be fully submerged. I hoped that I could open the door after the car equalised with water and we would swim out. My final words to my little boy as the water came over his head were "Hold your breath, honey; mommy will have us out soon". I watched him take a large gulp of the remaining air, and the water took him.

When I felt the last air pocket escape the car, I tried the door. It wouldn't

budge! The other door was equally stuck. I struggled with the doors several times to no avail. We were trapped and going to die.

At this point I took Evan's little body and pushed it over the seat, hoping beyond hope that he would find air. As I struggled to free us from this coffin on wheels, I realised I had to breathe. As I drank the deep breath of water into my lungs, the fiery feeling added panic to the moment. I wanted my baby back and I swung my arms feverishly about in an effort to find his body. I couldn't, and I needed to breathe again.

That was when I heard a voice—a calm, majestic voice—directing me to relax. This voice cooed in my ear, reassuring me that all would be well. I was infused with the knowledge that if I fought the water, my rescuers would not be able to revive me when they arrived. The voice said that if I fought the water I would drown. "No shit," I thought. "I get a wise-ass ghost on my deathbed."

The voice continued to give me instructions about what was to happen, and that all would be well if I just followed the instructions. I relinquished myself to this voice from beyond, and passed quietly to the other side.

While on the other side, I saw beings of light who once again assured me that my

son and I would not only get out of this car but we would both be fine. They were definite in explaining that I must follow instructions implicitly and not lose faith in their words. I was told to have faith, that I would be divinely directed—and I was.

It took my rescuers 15 minutes to pull my lifeless body from that car, and another seven minutes of CPR to revive me. As my body bolted upright, I blurted "Get my baby out of the car". Twenty-two minutes had passed. The rescuers jumped back into the freezing bog to retrieve my son, knowing against hope that he was dead. It took rescuers another five minutes or so to get my boy free from that car. His limp body was transported to the IWK Children's Hospital, where he was immediately hooked to every machine known to mankind.

The team of emergency doctors and neurologists was waiting for me. They assured me that my sweet little boy was indeed brain dead and, in addition to this, his internal organs were full of blood. He was haemorrhaging throughout his body and his organs were nonviable. Things were the most bleak I have ever known. That was when the voice came to me again. "Have faith, child."

The doctors advised me to unplug my baby and let him pass peacefully, for even

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if a miracle happened and he did live, he would be a vegetable. "No quality of life" is all I remember thinking.

Once again I heard the voice. "Have faith." At that moment, the doctors agreed to keep Evan on life support, but advised me not to hold out any hope. He had less than one per cent chance of living, and then he would continue to be hooked to all these machines for the rest of his life. I had no God, so I could not even call for guidance.

It was in the quiet of my first moment alone that I was given the directive. "Follow the instructions implicitly." Memories of the visions and the voice in the lake flooded back to me. There was someone there with me, I was sure of it, and I decided to listen carefully.

I was instructed to rebuild my son's aura by infusing his little body with the auras of others. Twenty minutes at a time was one of the first rules: if it was longer, you would drain the aura of the giver. They instructed me to parade loving people through Evan's room, each depositing their own energy field into his lifeless body.

They were to do this by connecting their flesh to his flesh and allowing their energy to run through his body, and then to give Evan their "gift". If they sang, they were to sing; if they were storytellers, they were to tell a story, and so on. "Infuse him with positive energy and your love and your talents, and this will revive him."

I proceeded against hospital protocol to send loving humans into my son's room every half-hour. They then followed the instructions and gave their gift of love. This procession lasted 24 hours a day for three days. Dozens and dozens of people came. They "camped out" every day and every night—loving, trusting souls infusing his lifeless body with fresh energy. The fact that I was able to convince the hospital to allow this unorthodox behaviour to happen was a miracle in itself, but on the third day, after 72 hours of constant vigil, my boy opened his little eyes and recognised me. He was back!

The doctors were baffled. They continued to tell me that he would never walk or talk or be a normal child again. However, their words this time had no effect on me. The guidance and direction from my spiritual light beings had proved to me beyond a shadow of a doubt that he would be fine—after all, my "friend" in the lake had told me so.

Within the first week, Evan had recovered all his body functions, and by the end of the second week he was running down the halls to the hospital playroom. This was indeed an incredible miracle. What had I done to deserve such a reprieve by our Almighty Creator? I didn't know, nor did I care.

I wanted to take my son home and be done with the whole nightmare. This was when I realised that I might be done with my light friends but they were not done with me.

A Message for Humanity

I continued to hear the voices and be directed with both visions and seeing auras. Needless to say, I was more than a little freaked out. As time passed I would ask, "What do you want of me?" They would speak of the love for the universe and how things have gone terribly wrong. Humanity has spiralled out of control and has lost its true connection to God and to this Earth.

They want desperately for me to give the humans of this world a message from "beyond", that we have inside of us the power to unite this planet as one race with peace and prosperity for all. This power lies inside us all, and, when combined with the loving energy of other humans, we can do for this planet what we did for my son. We can revive this Earth and catapult it into healing. With this healing will come a new phase of humanity. We will have a time of peace and harmony. All it will take is our intention as a united group, and one hour of our time.

So as the voices and visions unravelled, I was given the guidance on how to make all this happen. However, it will take many of us on this planet to see to the success of the project. Just as they told me to rotate the humans through my son's room, they told me to unite humanity from every corner of the globe. Not every human, just representatives from every corner. We can do this. We need to unite enough people to fire the divine energy system of this planet and jump-start it like we did with my boy.

This global project of loving intention is completely possible. Your intention to make it happen can change the outcome of this planet.

I invite you to join us when we fire the Earth grid on July 17, 2007, and add your energy to this project. Just one hour of your time can help heal this planet and help create peace among all people.

My son and I are examples of the power of positive energy and what humans are truly capable of when they unite with the intention of love. Love is the universal language of our world and the world beyond.

Light and love be with you, and welcome to the next phase of humanity. Be part of the excitement and please join us. (Source: <http://www.firethegrid.com/eng/eng-home-fr.htm>; email the author at syates@eastlink.ca)



"I'll have some battery acid in a tall glass and, while I'm waiting, give me a packet of ball bearings."

TIBETAN AND INDIAN MONKS STILL PRACTISE LEVITATION

Gods in oriental mythology had a special ability: they could fly. Legends and records say that ancient levitators were able to rise above the ground up to 90 centimetres. However, ordinary mortals could master the unique art of flying, too. For example, Indian Brahmans, yogis, hermits and fakirs could rise and float in the air.

There is a chapter in the Vedas on levitation—guidelines of sorts on how to reach a state required for taking off the ground. Unfortunately, the meaning of many ancient Indic words and concepts has been irretrievably lost over the last few centuries and therefore the invaluable instructions cannot be translated into modern languages.

As regards the ancient levitators, records at hand say they did not lift off to impress onlookers; they simply wanted to assume the most suitable position for performing religious rites.

The art of levitation is still practised in India and Tibet, and many scholars engaged in oriental studies have mentioned the phenomenon of "flying lamas".

British explorer Alexandra David-Néel one day witnessed the flight of a Buddhist monk a few dozen metres above the alpine plateau of Chang Tang. He was bouncing off the ground like a tennis ball to rise in the air again and again. The monk kept his eyes on some guiding star hanging somewhere in the distance, and he was the only person who could see the star in broad daylight.

Europeans have long been aware of levitation, too. However, there was one big difference between Eastern and Western mediaeval levitators. Unlike the Brahmans, yogis and lamas, the monks in Europe never took any special training for levitational purposes. They would just rise in the air after reaching a state of ultimate religious ecstasy.

Famous Levitators in the West

According to trustworthy records, Saint Teresa, a Carmelite nun, was one of the first levitators of the Middle Ages. Her flight was seen by 230 Catholic priests. The nun wrote about her unusual "gift" in her autobiography dated 1565. It is quite noteworthy that Saint Teresa herself did not want to fly. She spent long hours praying desperately, in an attempt to get rid of

her special power. She was asking the Lord to relieve her of that grace. One night, the Almighty finally heard the nun's prayer—and after that, she did not fly again.

Josef Desa used to be the most famous "flying man". He was born into a devout family in southern Italy. From the time he was a boy, Josef was a very religious person prone to inflicting all kinds of torture upon himself in order to experience a state of religious ecstasy. Later he joined the Franciscans. He would get really ecstatic at times and rise in the air.

On a visit to Rome, Josef was granted an audience with Pope Urban VIII. Josef got as excited as one could be, and could not help rising in the air. He floated right before the pope's eyes. The head of the Order of St Francis eventually brought Josef back to earth.

Scientists observed more than a hundred cases of Josef's levitation and put down their comments in the official records. However, the Catholics were thought to be embarrassed by Josef's flights. As a result, in 1653 Josef was sent to an out-of-the-way monastery. Three months later, he was transferred to another monastery, and then to another one... Wherever he appeared, the news about the "miracle man" spread like wildfire. People from the neighbouring towns and villages stood outside the monastery walls waiting for a miracle. Finally, Josef was transferred to a monastery in Osimo, where he died in the autumn of 1663. He was canonised four years later.

Daniel Douglas Home [pronounced Hume] was the most famous levitator of the 19th century. His first flight was described by the editor of an American newspaper:

"All of a sudden Home began

lifting off and all the people in the room got completely surprised. I could see his legs floating about a foot above the ground. Home apparently could not speak as he had a twinge going from top to toe after the clash of fear and rapture in his mind. He went down some time later, and rose up again. He went up to the ceiling during a third ascent."

Home learned to levitate of his own free will later on. He showed his outstanding ability to thousands of spectators including such celebrities as William Makepeace Thackeray and Mark Twain, Napoleon III, politicians, doctors and scientists of note. Home has never been accused of hoaxing an audience.

There is a lot of controversy regarding the physical nature of levitation. Some researchers say that it is a product of the biogravitational field created by a special kind of mental energy emitted by the human brain. Doctor of biological sciences Alexander Dubrov is a supporter of this hypothesis. Dr Dubrov points out that the biogravitational field is deliberately created by a levitator and therefore the latter can control the field and change the direction of a flight.

(Source: Pravda, November 9, 2005, http://english.pravda.ru/science/19/94/378/16433_levitation.html)



"That's my personal GPS ... my God Pointing System."